The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVII January 16, 1948 NUMBER 14

THE WEEK 339
THE BIRTH OF EIICHI *Ichiro Izu* 342
APHORISMS *Henri de Lubac* 345
COMMUNICATIONS 347
Hollywood Communism—Dr. Newman—Frederick the Great—A Christmas Meditation
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 349
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 350
THE LABOR MOVEMENT *John C. Cort* 351
FOUR POETS *Henry Rago* 352
MR. WILSON'S FIVE POINTS *Anne Fremantle* 354
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 355
Speaking of Animals—Yon Rolling River—Land of the Andes—The River Plate Republics—The Rainbow Republics—Essays of Shakespeare—Between Fear and Hope—In Darkest Germany.

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*
Published weekly and copyrighted 1947 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U.S. and Canada $6 a year, Foreign $7. Single copies 15c

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The UN after Two Years

THERE is something distressingly recurrent in the citing of UN's disposition of a Corfu incident among the claims of the organization's enthusiastic advocates. Reference to its action in the Greek and Korean situations is hardly more reassuring. Possibly some satisfaction may be derived from the fact that Russian troops left Iran (and that the British and French evacuated Syria and Lebanon, if you will) after discussions in the Security Council. But all in all the UN has been unequal to solving the major disputes between Russia and her former allies.

Like the League of Nations the UN has a whole series of unpolitical and semi-political achievements to boast of. Suppression of the Egyptian cholera epidemic is the most spectacular. Of greater scope are the International Children's Emergency Fund, the International Refugee Organization, weather stations, loans from the World Bank, continuation of the International Labor Office, the efforts of the International Trade Organization and the ten new colonial trusteeships. And all this has an appreciable indirect influence on the establishment and maintenance of peace.

Is there enough to substantiate Dr. Herbert V. Evatt's belief that with another two or three years of United Nations existence "it may become impossible for another shooting war to break out in our lifetime" because the nations of the world will by then be so heavily engaged in so many international projects that no one of them will be able to work loose enough to take a swing at a fellow-member. If this sounds overly optimistic it must be borne in mind that as chief Australian delegate Dr. Evatt has been in the thick of many of the bitterest fights in the UN; he has been one of the most rugged and able of the adversaries of the Russians there.

Without accepting Dr. Evatt's prediction all the way, it is still possible to place considerable confidence in the UN. It is not a world government; it cannot function to maintain a peace which has not yet been concluded; it is unable directly to curb further Russian aggression or to lessen the consequent tension between the Russians and their former allies. All it does at present, as far as these central political problems are concerned, is to provide a stormy meeting ground. Russian and American delegates remain in contact. Each has the continuous opportunity to present his case before the public opinion of the other nations of the world.

The UN, in fact, appears to be crystallizing into a pattern. The Russia-West opposition is one of the major components; another is the large group of small nations determined not to be pawns in a new world conflict; another is the increasingly restricted zone of operations of the Security Council, because of the veto and Russia's frequent resort to it, and the widening activities of the General Assembly where there is no veto.

There are two courses open. One is a reform of the United Nations organization in the direction of making it an effective world government whose decisions on aggressors no nation could veto, and with the armament and authority to enforce its decisions. That would be tantamount to expelling Russia and her satellites, to cutting off the East from the West. The other is to maintain communications with the lands beyond the curtain through the many operations of the present UN (and this would certainly accompany a policy of maintaining useful trade relations with Eastern Europe).

The United States, Britain and Western Europe have much to gain, as far as world opinion goes, from the opportunity of debating with the Russians before the United Nations. Is that enough to compensate for what the Russians will be able to accomplish in the field, while their delaying and obstructing actions proceed at Lake Success and other official UN gatherings? That is the crux of it all.

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The Regional Balance

WHEN the war ended, the country didn't shift back to its pre-war composition and condition, and it never will. Beginning with people—

From 1939 to 1946, the American population grew by some 9,000,000, or about 7 percent. The Far West gained spectacularly 4,000,000 persons, increasing the population there by 34 percent. The Great Lakes and New England regions increased at about the national average of 7 percent. The Southwest, with great Texas, gained only 4 percent; the Middle Atlantic states, about 3½ percent; the Southeast, 3 percent, and the Farm West lost people.

All regions of the country gained greatly in income, but at very uneven rates. "Over-all, the four southern and western regions, which had climbed from 35.8 percent of US income in 1929 to 38.4 percent in 1939, moved up again to 43.3 percent of gross income in 1946." This has leveled out the per capita income all in between the most favored Middle Atlantic regions and the least favored Southeast radically. The human and economic geography of the country is vastly altered, the war having hurried to a dizzy pace shifts that have been working gradually for decades.

The magazine *Business Week,* which has just concluded an eight-part analysis of the "New American Market," by studying the Department of Commerce figures, reaches five conclusions:

> 1. The American market has lost many of its old interior boundary lines. The new market is more truly a broad national market.
> 2. Income gains have been made everywhere. But the West and South have gained more at the expense of the Northeast.
> 3. Incomes are more nearly equalized. There is less spread between sections of the country and sections of the population.
> 4. There has been an accelerated shift in the population movement from farm to city.
> 5. The migration of industry is benefiting newer regions of the country and boosting importance of smaller cities.

It will be interesting to watch developments in the next decade. There is a kind of contest between two opposite tendencies. On the one hand, the nation has become more even, homogeneous, same, unaccented: more urbanized and centralized. But at the same time, the imperial position of the old Northeast is diminished, and the colonial, exploited, and poor status of the South and West has been greatly bettered. Industry has spread out; smaller cities have flourished. Now, will every region compete (on more equal terms) for the over-all national market, or will they develop regional markets and industries and economies more nearly sufficient in their regional selves?

The genius and tradition of American business leads us to expect a period of terrific competition for an ever more standardized and so concentrated national market. But it may be that the limits to that sort of thing are being reached. And it appears to us a much better hope, anyway, that the processes of centralization may be stopped and gradually turned back. There is a full cultural as well as economic logic in building up the regional areas first and primarily, with the national—and international—economies supplementing but not dominating the local. The biggest cities, which live on the whole country, draw off too much life from the whole country, which is not really satisfactory to the country, and which still fails to satisfy life in the metropolitan cities themselves. The forces of concentration and decentralization appear now more evenly balanced. A conscious effort toward decentralization can make a difference during the next years of our lives.

Nature of a Régime

THE SCHUMAN GOVERNMENT won five successive votes of confidence from the French National Assembly and passed its anti-inflation law, which is designed to bring 125 billion francs into the treasury (through taxation or purchase of government bonds as an alternative to taxation) and thus keep these very many francs from running loose and raising prices. The vote was 315 to 268; Mr. Schuman did not win easily. His final majority was 47 but in preliminary voting on the various sections of the bill it fell as low as 33. Voting against him were Communists, conservatives, some Radicals—and a majority of the Gaullists.

It is not surprising that the vote was close. In no country is a heavy tax bill politically agreeable to vote. And also, in no country, does one know very clearly what to do about inflation. The conservatives and the Radical Socialists (also conservatives) who voted against the bill very possibly thought that it was a bad bill and that better methods could be found. The Communists voted against the bill because they want the government to fall and the democratic parliamentary régime to fall. And the Gaullists?

On the day that the vote took place in the National Assembly M. de Gaulle spoke at St. Etienne. What he said there throws light on the problems of democracy not only in France but everywhere. He declared, to quote the New York *Times,* that "the Governments that had followed his withdrawal from office, had sought to solve the situation by experiments. 'But the truth is,' he said, 'that everyone feels there is an irremediable disproportion between the magnitude of the problems we must solve and the nature of the régime.' He said it was high time for the nation, through new elections, to set up the public

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authority it requires to be capable of leading it to recovery." He then went on to suggest something that sounded like an "experiment" that has been tried already—the corporate state.

M. de Gaulle is not the only Frenchman who has thought that a new constitution would solve his country's problems. The French have experimented with many constitutions of all sorts and perhaps there is no reason why they should not try out a few more. That is to say there is no theoretical reason. Practically speaking, however, there are many compelling reasons to tolerate the "nature of the régime," the French Republic, and even to assist it and even to save it.

As Jimmie Cannon, sportswriter, seasonally remarked: "On New Year's Day everyone wants new dice; everyone thinks he will have better luck with new dice; but this is an illusion."

If all the different kinds of deputies in the Assembly scream at each other, it is better to reason with them quietly, as M. Schuman does, than to suggest that it would solve all problems if only there could be but one kind only of deputy, a whole hemicycle of deputies, all alike and all agreeing all the time.

You can only have that kind of "national authority" if you impose it. And even then it does not last; it all breaks up again.

It is entirely absurd for us to tell M. de Gaulle what to do; yet we may say what we wish he would do once and for all, and thus become a figure for history to remember—gratefully. We wish that he would immediately give his entire and total support to the present French government in its struggle to save France from communism and disruption, and that he would acknowledge the régime and serve it.

Figuring

JANUARY is traditionally stock-taking time, and many stores close briefly for that purpose annually. Today, the US is practically closed to all other business, whilst Congress discusses the cost of the European Recovery Plan.

It was in May, 1937, in his speech dedicating the Peace Bridge, that the late President Roosevelt first stated in bald terms the measure of America's stake in Europe. Since then, World War II has cost us, just in dollars and cents, a figure that will not fit into this line.

Ten years, almost exactly, after the Quarantine Speech, the European Recovery Plan, to set victors and vanquished both on their feet again, was first officially adumbrated, by Dean Acheson, on May 8th, 1947, at Cleveland. This Plan will cost us $6,800,000,000 for the first fifteen months alone.

There are some who fear the man that pays the piper, and many who do not care for the tune he calls. But, at least, this time we shall not have to taunt our bankrupt beneficiaries with, "Well, you hired the money, didn't you?" since their payment is to be made only in results.

Secretary Marshall, announcing the condition of his recovery plan on July 2nd last, was careful to specify that "it should not be expended to serve *foolish* economic or political interests" (italics ours). The Russians have from the first feared that the definition of *foolish,* if left absolutely in the hands of an absolutely powerful US might be absolutely corrupted. But even the *Osservatore Romano,* barely a month after the Pope's endorsement of ERP, urged the Western European statesmen to pay attention to Russian fears that the Marshall plan might represent danger for the sovereignty of European nations.

Yet, actually, the Plan is self-winding, self-cleaning. The year-by-year approval necessary (for, as Senator Vandenberg wrote "the effective test each year is Congressional appropriation") without which the Plan cannot continue to exist, is a tremendous safety valve. Also, the beneficiary nations have undertaken to build more than 80 percent of the plant equipment required for the Plan's functioning; and to do this they must divert some 20 percent of their output to capital goods. If they do this, then the Plan's objective, a self-sufficient Europe by 1952, may well be reached. If they don't, the Plan will bog down from their robbing Peter to pay Paul, which is what looks most likely at present, since England and France, to cite but two cases, have both refused to allow their industrialists to expand or re-equip their plants, in order to ship all available machinery abroad—a far graver threat to the Plan's success than Yankee Imperialism.

Indeed, if we wished to play power politics we would hardly be so fervently sowing dragon's teeth. Nothing is so odiously chafing as obligation, so galling as gratitude. Perhaps the best safeguard of the Marshall Plan is our own desperate need of it. For, as has been pointed out, the basis of American economy must be war or a pyramid: though the customer may not always be right, he must always continue to be.

And, luckily, a certain amount of the plan *is* just plain figuring. For one example, there are millions of dollars worth of US army equipment strewn over the world; there is plenty of idle material, worth now a bare 8 cents on the dollar, which might be worth 80 if the Plan goes through. Also, the currency constipation that at present constricts European trade, can only be eased after the Plan is approved. So we must be glad and grateful for the cautious figuring. "For which of you, having a mind to build a tower, doth not first sit down and reckon the charges that are necessary . . . lest, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that see it begin to mock him, saying, this man began to build and was not able to finish."

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The Birth of Eiichi

Ichiro Izu

Mr. Paul V. Miller who sent us this article writes as follows: "Ichiro Izu, a Japanese, with whom I was friendly while stationed in Japan, wrote his manuscript in English and the only service I performed was to alter an occasional word where the meaning would have been obscure. Ichiro Izu died a few months ago in Tokio and his ashes have been taken back to his birthplace in Kumamoto by his family. Malnutrition was responsible for his death although the immediate cause was pneumonia." THE EDITORS.

THE IZU FAMILY was full of hopeful anticipation these days because the time of the baby's birth was drawing near. The grandfather of the coming baby was engaged enthusiastically in choosing the baby's name, as it was to be the first child of his only son. He consulted voluminous books of reference, listened to the opinions of his various relatives and finally chose two names, *Eiichi* should it be a boy and *Kazuyo* should it be a girl. But he was looking forward anxiously to a grandson for he wanted very much to see his family's future heir.

According to Japanese custom an expectant mother usually returns to the home of her parents for her first delivery. In this case, however, the childbed was prepared in her husband's house because her parents had lost their home in an air-raid and they were now living in a remote part of the country. The area in which the Izu family was situated also had been completely demolished by bombing but their house stood alone among far-stretching ruins as if it had been saved by the grace of God. And so they felt that the baby who would be born in this house would be favored with a happy future.

At first the family had wished to send the expectant mother to a hospital for her delivery, but they heard that all the first rate rooms were occupied by the now wealthy farmer class, that the second rate rooms were occupied by black market merchants, and that ordinary salarymen could rent only the very inadequate third rate rooms. After a long discussion they decided that the attendance of the affectionate family would be better than the attention of indifferent experts, aside from the problem of expense.

The blessed time came at last at dawn, October 15th. The baby was born stifled. Its neck was tied by the umbilical cord. It was caused, perhaps, by its mother's too strenuous physical exertion during its stay in her womb or perhaps as a result of too frequent trips to out-of-the-way country places in search of food. The attending midwife shook the baby to bring it to life. A few minutes of breathless tension ensued, a very long time for the anxious family. Suddenly the baby began to cry very loudly. A feeling of relief pervaded the room.

As the baby was a boy the joy of the family was all the greater. The baby's grandmother was quite absorbed in preparing the first bath for the baby, cooperating with the attending midwife. The baby's grandfather had waited outside the room. But hearing the baby's voice he was unable to wait any longer and entered the room to greet his first grandson, Eiichi, with a hearty hail. It was regretted by everyone that the baby's father was absent from this all important event, but he was working at that time in another city. Though the new mother was very tired she could not help asking whether or not the child was deformed. After hearing that it was normal and healthy she fell into a deep sleep, embracing a feeling of profoundest peace, which could be expected only after one had finished a great duty.

After taking his first bath in a new wooden basin, Eiichi put on a new kimono made of a beautiful cloth of red floral design and went to his new bed of the same flowery colors.

The midwife asked the baby's grandmother, "Why did you prepare such gay-colored clothes? Did you expect a girl baby?"

The grandmother replied hastily, "No, no! We had expected a grandson very eagerly but we could not buy any clothes from the draper's. The shortage of clothes now is terrible, as you know. These clothes are presents from our kind relatives. They gave us their pre-war stock, regardless of their own sufferings."

"Oh! I understand. They might have been made for a girl but that is not a matter of importance. Your baby seems to be quite snug in them."

The midwife bowed genteelly. The fine clothes seemed all the more beautiful to the grateful eyes of the family because they were the symbols of true human affection which shines out more brilliantly in hard times.

The next day the new mother gave her breast to her son for the first time. Though Eiichi knew nothing about this world he could suckle his mother's breast very dexterously, and this fact

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seemed a great wonder to the new mother. How many times she had asked in her heart whether the baby would be a boy or a girl and what features the baby would have! But now, embracing the baby in her arms, she felt that it was really her son and that the baby's face could not be other than this.

The news of the baby's birth spread very swiftly among the relatives and they gathered quickly at the house for congratulations. All of them unanimously praised the baby. One of them said, "Very lovely baby! How pretty his skin is!" Another relative added, "He has a very high nose. He will become a very handsome boy in the future."

"Do you really think so?" the new mother replied and her heart filled with pride and exultation. But the moment she looked at the red, monkey-like face of the baby she began to suspect that these words were mere compliments; and she was seized with an uneasy feeling.

Two days later the child's father returned home. He entered his wife's bedroom with slightly pulsing heart. The husband and wife exchanged glances with profoundest feeling in their eyes. The husband noticed that his wife's face had become a little pale and thin. How many times had she repeated her fears and hopes about the coming delivery! How many times had he spoken vain words to mitigate her worries! But now all worries were dissolved.

He addressed her, "Good! It is over!"

She replied very simply, "Yes."

The new father and mother felt that they were all the more inseparably connected with each other by their new child.

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Then the father sat down beside the baby's bed and mused on its face for a long time. The pupils of the baby's eyes were moving awkwardly to and fro and seemed to be groping for the meaning of the world into which he had come just now. He touched the baby's forehead with his finger. It was soft like a bean curd. How little and fragile the child was! Nevertheless the father felt that something invincible resided in his baby's body and was asking its rights of him. The baby had its own name just the same as a grown-up. He also had an independent personality.

"Where in the world did you come from?" While he was repeating the question in his heart he was struck by the wonder of human life more vividly and strongly than he had ever felt before. He felt that he realized the meaning of creation and birth for the first time in his life.

In his heart he again addressed the baby, "About ten months ago you were so tiny as to be hardly perceived by a microscope. Since that time, however, a most marvelous process of creation has taken place in your mother's womb and now you have been born. Though you are the result of love between your father and mother you are not a mere complex of your parents' characters. On the contrary, you are really a new and unique personality! You only can move the pupils of your eyes very slowly now, open your mouth seeking your mother's breast like a goldfish, and stretch and contract your limbs awkwardly. In your body soft as a bean curd, however, the process of creation is being continued with marvelous rapidity and strength even now. In a few score of years you may become a great philosopher able to solve the profoundest meaning of the universe or you may become a great scientist able to utilize the mighty powers of nature without reserve. What great potentiality you have in your fragile body!"

Now all the deep secrets of the universe are going to be mirrored in the tiny human brain. Human wisdom, which has succeeded in releasing atomic energy, is really amazing. But this most exquisite machine is the result of a spontaneous development of the tiniest germ which can be perceived only through a microscope. How is it possible? What power is functioning in this process? Can we reduce this process to a mere chemical action of materials? But where did his soul come from? He struck the deepest core of the world's secrets, where spirit and matter delicately touched each other. He was puzzled and he could not help recalling to his mind the word of God though he was quite the infidel in his ordinary life. There might be a need to reflect on the word of God once more, not mystically as medieval thinkers did, but in the light of modern intellect, he thought. He could clearly remember that awful shudder he had experienced looking at a gigantic white mushroom on the screen of a movie theater some days before. This day, however, he experienced a profounder wonder, though it was of a calmer quality, musing over the true meaning of birth. Before this simple fact, just like every day's sunrise, the new father bowed his head in deepest reverence.

Though the baby's face crumpled up like a monkey's face when it cried, it seemed wonderfully arranged and even sober when it was sleeping. The slightly swollen eyelids, the elliptical line which enclosed the eyes, the mellow cheeks, the feeling of profound peace lingering there—he felt that he had seen such a face before, and after pondering for some time he recalled that it was the face of Buddha. Long years ago he read an article about Buddhistic art written by a certain authority on Japanese culture, in which reference was made to this resemblance between Buddha's face and that of infants. Though the young father had dismissed it as a trite suggestion

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at the time, he now recalled it again as a very significant fact while he was gazing at his son's face. Buddhistic art, germinating in India, was imported by way of China into our country and here crystallized into a very high cultural product. A group of Buddhistic sculptures produced during the Nara Period, about 1200 years ago, deserves to be preserved as a treasure of world culture, side by side with Greek sculpture. As Greek sculpture is a revelation of the Occidental spirit so is Buddhistic sculpture a clear representation of the Oriental mind. The Greek sculptors intended to represent the fresh beauty of youth in the figures of gods living on Mount Olympus, and sought for their original type in the body of Greek youth which had reached correct proportion through training in sports. As a result of this, the features of the gods were too human although they were beautiful and vigorous. On the other hand, our sculptors of the Nara Era wished to represent in the face of Buddha the light of benevolence, the desire for peace, and the profundity of meditation on the meaning of the universe. After seeking for the approach to represent something superior to the human, something divine, they hit upon the idea of adopting an infant face as the original type of Buddha's face. However, it cannot be insisted that all statues of Buddha were made after the prototype of an infant's face. There are some good statues which were intended to represent the elegance of virgins or the manliness of youths. Nevertheless, it may be admitted that many masterpieces of Buddhistic statuary sought their prototype in the innocent face of an infant. The new father appreciated the deep wisdom and rich imagination of the ancient sculptors for the first time, musing on the face of his own son. He could not help admiring it as a splendid idea, because it may be said that God resides only in the unspoiled heart of infants. The thought that humanity is the son of sins is common to many old religious thoughts. If this should be true, the salvation of humanity might not be easy. Such a negative idea is not compatible with the modern world's view. Humanity is good by birth. However, a man is so weak and fragile that he is inclined to become a son of sin through the influence of bad environment. The germ of good innately exists in the heart of humanity. So we have only to preserve and cultivate carefully this propensity to avoid becoming affected by a vicious milieu. Only such positive religious thought will coincide with modern ideas, which lay stress on the affirmative side of human nature.

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Arriving at this cheerful point of view, the new father's reflections were warmly optimistic. It was not without reason that he was absorbed in such philosophical meditation. Since boyhood he had embraced a very pessimistic outlook on human life. One of the reasons might have been his particular temperament. But he knew also that war had exerted a very great influence on his mind. His country had gone to war when he was sixteen. He had lived in the sanguinary atmosphere of war for thirteen years. It was only natural that such a long war should contribute much to the moulding of a young, naïve mind. He hated not only the aggressive war his country had been carrying on, but also human nature itself because he believed that war was not an accidental phenomenon but was deeply rooted in the bottom of man's vicious nature. Buddha considered the world as full of bitterness. He thought Buddha's outlook very true and that human life was not much worth living. His melancholy was so aggravated that he began to curse even his parents for letting him come into this world. Writhing under such deep pessimism, why did he enter into married life? Was he unable to endure the solitude of the bachelor? Or was he impelled by an inner demand, deeper than his superficial view of the world? Anyway, he was married and now his son was born. It was fortunate for himself and for his son, too, that his son was born after the armistice. If his son had been born during the war, how he would have worried about his future! Now the war was over and he could welcome his son under brighter auspices. He gradually overcame his pessimism. But on the auspicious day of his son's start in the world he felt it necessary to reinforce his belief in human nature and wished to be convinced that his son's future would be a happy one.

The new father continued to contemplate in a hopeful vein: "The war is over at last though it seemed as if it would continue forever. In proportion to the severity of the war the need for lasting peace is felt more sharply than ever before in the bosom of each individual, not only in Japan but throughout the world. We will never forget that the happiness of our dear sons and daughters can be guaranteed only by a lasting peace. Though the embers of war are smouldering here and there and dark clouds are still lingering, the sun is beginning to shine through and seems to be promising a brighter world of tomorrow. As an old sage insisted, a man who is in a dream cannot recognize the fact that he is in a dream and a man who is possessed by a misconception cannot recognize his error. Now we are liberated from the spell of a lurid nightmare and we can conclude for the first time that the war has been an abnormal deviation of human nature and not human nature's inevitable course. If we could liken the whole human world to an organism, war is a disease and a fever. True health consists in the peaceful development of the world. The cursed old Japan has crumbled and a new Japan is germinating among the ruins with invincible power.

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Not only Japan, but the whole world will change for the better."

The father peeped into his baby's innocent face. The baby moved its pupils as if to see the nature of the world to which he had just come. The father felt a strong communion with his baby and addressed him in his heart:

"Eiichi, do you like this world? I wish you to like it. It is a very hard time for us though you will not understand it. But I believe life is worth living. If not, we must change it to a better life. You are born at the time of the birth of a new Japan. You are the phoenix of Japan. Though you are a fragile fledgling at present you will grow up into a stout and great bird and will fly with unimaginable speed in the spacious skies. The grown-up men of our country are expecting very much from you as well as the other children that are coming now into the world. We have disturbed the peace of the world for a long time and now wear the stigma of crime on our forehead. But you have no connection with the action of your parents. You are innocent! You are free! You don't feel the dark shadow of a cursed past looming over you. You have only to develop the good in your nature and you can become a good citizen of the world as well as a good Japanese. You must struggle, not only to reconstruct a new, peaceful, and cultural Japan but also build a truly peaceful world such as human beings have longed for since the beginning of history but have been unable to attain as yet. The opportunity is ripe! The wave of democracy and humanism is surging higher and higher with a vigor we never experienced before. On the other hand, however, you must not be too optimistic. An enterprise is difficult to attain in proportion to its greatness. Obstacles will be found within and outside our country. First you must eliminate the obstacles within. True democracy will not be achieved overnight by mere orations, propaganda, or the revision of the constitution. Even if the victors extend their understanding and benevolence, we cannot succeed unless we learn the proper manner to accept their aid. Although true humanists among foreigners will not consider the difference in the color of their neighbors as an obstacle to friendship, they will hesitate to invite savages who do not know etiquette and courtesy in their guest rooms. Before you can expect to recover an honorable seat in international society you must become a cultured man deserving of it. Obstacles will also be found in the outside world. There are some truly generous and noble men in the powerful countries who advocate the principle of love and equality. On the other hand, there are many narrowminded snobs who are possessed by racial prejudices and hold poor people in contempt. As a result of our defeat our country has become poorer than before. So far as our economic plight is concerned we may remain a third rate nation forever. However, you must not be humiliated by this. We must all of us again meditate on the teaching of Confucius. He says that a sage does not indulge himself in wealth and is not depressed by poverty either. Wealth and poverty are not the standard by which we can judge the value of a man. The only standard is culture. In this respect we also can advance infinitely. You must become a first rate scholar or artist. In the world of learning and art there is no boundary. Even if you are laughed at as a poor man you need not be ashamed of your position. Intelligent people who have appreciative eyes will surely recognize your value."

The father was recalling the story of a gifted composer appearing in the picture, "The Tales of Manhattan." He felt as if he were hearing again the vigorous vibrations of music swelling higher and higher as it subdues the vulgar sneers of snobs. He felt his bosom swelling also.

The baby was sleeping snugly without knowing its father's meditations, full of hope and worry. In the garden, visible through the window, the clear autumn sunlight shone through warmly and the crimson-tinted leaves of the maples wafted down one leaf after another although there was no wind. The leaves carpeted the ground in varied patterns of vivid colors. All was calm and bright.

Aphorisms

HENRI DE LUBAC

SUBMISSIVENESS to revealed truth and the supernatural neither prevents us nor dispenses us from receiving these within ourselves so as to express them through ourselves. We escape this interpreter only to fall into banality and verbalism.

* * *

PURE faith" or "bare faith" must not be confused with the parroting of a purely literal belief, not truly informed by the mind. The latter is wholly exterior, whereas the former reaches the secret depths of the soul.

* * *

The Reverend Henri de Lubac, S. J., is one of the most prominent French Catholic thinkers of today—a man who shows no fear of the modern world but spends his great talents in integrating what is new and truly progressive into the Christian traditions of France and the West. He is coming to America in the early spring and we are happy to publish pieces which with others will be gathered together in his forthcoming book, "Paradoxes," which has been translated from the French by Paule Simon and Sadie Kreilkamp and will be brought out by Fides Press, South Bend, Indiana. His study of Proudhon is scheduled for publication by Sheed and Ward later in the year. THE EDITORS.

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THE spirit of childhood is a marvelous grace, and it should forever be repeated with the Gospel that the kingdom of heaven is for children and for those who resemble them. But the spirit of childhood is different from puerility; spiritual candor is quite another thing from intellectual weakness, and Saint Paul also must be listened to when he says: *Evacuavi quae erant parvuli.* The Church is a mother: now, says Saint Augustine, a mother loves to feed her little child, but she does not want him to remain a little child indefinitely.

* * *

CREDULITY, sectarianism, and sloth are three natural tendencies of man. Too often he canonizes them under nobler names.

* * *

A MAN'S faith can go down to zero without even being shaken by doubt. At the same time that it becomes empty and external, passing by degrees from life to conformism, it can become hard and take on the appearance of the most beautiful firmness: the bark has hardened: the trunk has become hollow.

* * *

ETERNAL life is not a life for the future. By charity we start eternity right here below. *Manet caritas.*

* * *

FOUND in a questionnaire: "Blessed are the meek. How can this beatitude be adapted to the present time, when the violent inherit the earth?"

* * *

EVERYBODY can plainly see that unbelief and indifference, in spite of some contrary currents, are spreading almost everywhere. Do we realize that one of the causes of this fact is that each year, through a series of obscure tragedies deep within the classrooms of the provinces or of Paris, or in similar milieux, many of our young élite lose their faith in discovering a universe where Christianity seems to have no place? Tomorrow they will be the educators of our youth, the molders of opinion, the most popular of our writers. Then we will attempt—tardily, awkwardly, timidly—some efforts at refutation; we will solicit some intervention of the Holy See; we will improvise against them an apologetic devised for popularity, as will indeed be necessary, since it is the masses who will come under their corrosive influence. Meanwhile in the same high institutions of learning the same story will be starting all over again.

* * *

IF you do not live, think, and suffer with the men of your time, as one of them, in vain will you pretend, when the moment comes to speak to them, to adapt your language to their ear.

* * *

WHEN I teach my brother it is not really I who teach him, but we are both taught by God. Truth is not a good that I possess, that I manipulate and distribute as I please. It is such that in giving it I must still receive it; in discovering it, I still have to search for it; in adapting it, I must continue to adapt myself to it.

* * *

I KNEW a man—a priest—who spoke in almost the same tone in his room, in a church, and in a lecture hall; who expressed himself in almost the same terms whether before little children or among philosophers; who said the same things to the infidels of our modern society, to pagans from the Far East, and to the faithful. In his discourse, which never attained eloquence, the machinery of proof was always reduced to a minimum; there was no debate; it was as free before strangers as in a group of intimate friends. His politeness—exquisite, by the way—ignored the conventional pleasantries. Never a man, in a sense, who was less "adapted." But this man was all things to all men, and of his plenitude everybody partook.

* * *

BEFORE its presentation can be adapted to the modern generation, Christianity in all necessity must, in its essence, be itself. And once it is itself, it is close to being adapted. For it is of its essence to be living and always of the time.

The big task consists then in rediscovering Christianity in its plenitude and in its purity. A task which is always and ceaselessly called for, just as the work of reform inside the Church itself is called for always and ceaselessly. For even though Christianity is eternal, we are never once and for all identified with its eternity. By a natural leaning we never cease losing it. Like God Himself, it is always there, present in its entirety, but it is we who are always more or less absent from it. It escapes us in the very measure that we believe we possess it. Habit and routine have an unbelievable power to waste and destroy.

But how should we rediscover Christianity if not by going back to its sources, trying to recapture it in its periods of explosive vitality? How should we rediscover the meaning of so many doctrines and institutions which always tend toward dead abstraction and formalism in us, if not by trying to touch anew the creative thought that achieved them? How many explorations into distant history such a research supposes! How many painful reconstructions, themselves preceded by long preliminary work! In a word, how much "archeology"! The task is not for everyone, obviously, but it is indispensable that it be done and forever done again. Let us not think that it is possible to reach the goal cheaply: to try that would be a kind of fraud, and when it comes to essential goods, the crook is never successful.

It took forty years in the desert to enter into the Promised Land. It sometimes takes a lot of arid archeology to make the fountains of living water well forth anew.

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THE question is not to know whether Christians are always very intelligent (we well know they are not): it is to know whether Christianity is true. The question is not to know whether Christians have always done what was expected or should have been expected of them (we well know they have not): It is to know whether Christianity is necessary to the world.

* * *

A WISH to "incarnate" Christianity sometimes really leads to disincarnating it, emptying it of its substance. It becomes lost, buried in politics or in sociology or, at best, in morality.

* * *

A CHRISTIANITY that shirks the urgent tasks of charity toward the most miserable and the most abandoned, a Christianity that refuses testimony by consenting to reduce to a pin point the precise part of the Credo which at the very moment is threatened—there you have a Christianity disincarnate. The rest is verbiage.

* * *

BEWARE lest the obsession to save the masses tempt us into seducing them with vulgar attractions, similar to those used by their temporal masters. Saint Peter and Saint Paul, arriving in Rome, did not try to find some substitute for the amphitheater to offer the pagan masses. . . .

* * *

IT has been and still is indispensable, in opposition to the falsely supernatural illusions of an airy apostolate, as well as the pharisaism of the privileged, to insist upon the economic and social conditions without which it would be vain to preach the practise of Christian virtues to the masses. More profoundly, it is good to react against certain social structures which, being dehumanizing, are the natural enemies of any faith. But do not go thinking that Christian virtues would flourish automatically in a society where these obstacles would have been removed. A living seed fructifies in the most unpromising ground, and, without sowing, the best soil will always be barren. The question of the seed will always remain the essential question. The religious problem, everywhere and always, is essentially a problem of the spiritual order. The deep-seated causes of dechristianization and the profound factors of rechristianization will always be of the spiritual order.

* * *

WE must rehabilitate the word *soul*. "To save one's soul": one may have sometimes harbored under this formula an egotistic worry over one's own salvation, a cowardly or puerile despising of worldly tasks. But such is not its evangelic meaning! I do not have to win the world, even for Christ: I have to save my soul. That is what I must always remember, against the temptation of success in the apostolate. And so I will guard myself against impure means. It is not our mission to make truth triumph, but to testify for it.

* * *

THE pursuit of adaptation brings along, like its shadow, the pursuit of success. But what will the norm of this success be? Will it be obtained when everybody will have been pleased, when everybody will have understood, and when no astonishment or scandal will have been provoked? Such a success greatly risks being merely the mark of ineffectiveness. Nothing strong, nothing new, nothing urgent penetrates men's minds without crossing resistance. Or would you think that Christian preaching should no longer be "scandal" and "folly" in the eyes of the world?

* * *

THE very success of an extreme popularization is sometimes, in religious matters, a disaster. Mr. X, for example, a brilliant professor, attracts a large audience to his classes and thus sheds, as everyone sees and acclaims, Christian influence. But on each occasion a few young men and girls, less docile, more demanding, not daring perhaps to stand opposed to the enthusiastic atmosphere, clench their fists in silence. These will be the masters tomorrow. . . .

Remember too the concentrated anger of a Proudhon reading, in his youth, the apologist in vogue in 1830.

* * *

IT is not the proper duty of Christianity to form leaders—that is, builders of the temporal—although a legion of Christian leaders is infinitely desirable. Christianity must generate saints—that is, witnesses to the eternal.

The efficacy of the saint is not that of the leader. The saint does not have to bring about great temporal achievements; he is one who succeeds in giving us at least a glimpse of eternity, despite the thick opacity of time.

Communications

HOLLYWOOD COMMUNISM

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editors: With Mr. Hartung's view (in the 19 Dec. issue) that the House Committee acted prematurely and unfairly in singling out Hollywood as first whipping boy in its investigation of communism, I agree fully. It should have waited till it was prepared to go into action against all potential channels of communistic thought. In fact, unless it had special, secret reasons, it was un-American. The colony is no more vulnerable to political termites than are the radio and publishing industries.

Also, he puts the crucial query when he asks, "Is it illegal in this country to be a communist?" That's one for the Supreme Court to answer some day if, as I suppose, the Committee is maneuvering for a test case. At present the government is in the position of Lincoln when

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he had to save the Union without the aid of one Constitutional word against either secession or slavery as such. The party has never been explicitly outlawed. But if the six objectives enumerated in the preamble to the Constitution mean anything, it is difficult to see how "American communism" can be constitutional, for it contravenes every one of them. By the party I mean Moscow, of course, the home front headed by Mr. Foster having no independent significance whatever. If it had, it would not be communist, which it claims to be. Moscow requires only two virtues, obedience and efficiency, and in that order.

As for the Committee combing the films for communism, it would have been unwise and unnecessary. To distinguish propaganda in *effect* from propaganda in *purpose* is practically impossible. No doubt Moscow is always gratified by any film that highlights the unlovely byproducts of the capitalistic system, such as crimes bred of poverty and criminals protected by great wealth. But that is no sufficient reason for depriving ourselves of the right to a wholesome self-criticism. Hollywood's criticism is tainted by box office, but let that go. It is unnecessary for the Committee to base its case on anything more than party membership, which it can determine, leaving the legality of membership to be determined by the proper tribunal in due time. Or so it seems to me.

THE REVEREND LOUIS F. DOYLE, S.J.

DR. NEWMAN

Atlanta, Georgia.

TO the Editors: I have just read Anne Fremantle's article, "What Then, Does Dr. Newman Mean?" in THE COMMONWEAL of December 19. Mrs. Fremantle makes several statements in the course of her study of Cardinal Newman which are manifestly incorrect, and which may lead to certain misconceptions if attention is not drawn to them.

Mrs. Fremantle speaks of Newman as being "certainly the most famous Oxford professor of his day." This is so obvious a misstatement that I feel it may have been due to an oversight on the author's part. At no time during his nearly thirty years at Oxford was Newman a professor. As a Fellow of Oriel College, he held at various times within that body the offices of Tutor, Dean, Junior Treasurer, Librarian, and even wine-buyer for the Senior Common Room (an unofficial position, but one discharged with the good humor characteristic of Newman's earlier years). All of these appointments, however, originated from Oriel, not from the University at large, from which all professorships were at that time held. Even Newman's post as Vicar of St. Mary's, the University Church, was derived from Oriel, whose Fellows were the corporate Rectors of that church.

The author of the article further states that (following Newman's conversion) "he fell immediately into an oblivion so blanketed and profound, that the tomb could hardly have swallowed him more completely." On the contrary, the cloud of which Newman was to speak as being finally lifted in 1879 did not begin to overshadow him until 1853, at the start of the Irish Rectorship, eight years after his entry into the Church. Far from experiencing the oblivion of a tomb, Newman, during the six years following his return from Rome in 1847, lived almost constantly in an unsought-for limelight, occasioned by the establishment of the Birmingham and London Oratories, the enthusiastic reception given him by the English Bishops at Oscott, his highly-popular series on "Certain Difficulties of Anglicans" delivered at the King William Street Oratory in 1850, his talks on "The Present Position of Catholics in England" given at the Corn Exchange in Birmingham the following year to capacity audiences, and, finally, the Achilli Libel Suit of 1851-1853, in which he received the sympathy of the newspapers and the general public.

Mrs. Fremantle's insistence on Newman's Jewish ancestry is a surprising echo of a theory once popular, but long discredited. When Wilfrid Ward began to write his monumental "Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman" in the first decade of this century, he set about tracing this theory to its origins, and discovered, amazingly enough, that it had originated with one man, the author of the article on "Newman" in the Catholic Encyclopedia, and had thence spread on his authority into other books and articles. This author, when pressed for his own authority, admitted that "there is no evidence for it except the nose and the name." These are, as Ward pointed out, hardly convincing proofs. At all events, the tradition is far from "fairly well established" as your writer believes.

JOHN PHILLIP HARTH.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

Wahpeton, N. D.

TO the Editors: With careful attention and a great deal of interest, I read Warren Ramsey's "Militarist and Moralist" in THE COMMONWEAL for December 26. Without present time to read the biography which Mr. Ramsey reviews, I remain interested in Frederick the Great as one of the most important pieces in a jig-saw puzzle that began with the Teutonic Knights, took full form in the modern German Empire, and is now scattered into an unpredictable future.

My concern just now is with a minor point. Warren Ramsey smilingly indicts Frederick for naïve plagiarisms, giving three examples of his echoing of French intellecual leaders, "as though it were to him that the thought occurred first." Well, if this be plagiarism, there have been many great thieves in the world, Shakespeare among the first. Mr. Ramsey's third example is this: "Frederick also uses Voltaire's descripition of the earth in 'Zadig' as 'a little atom of mud' without quotation marks."

Without credit to whom?

Rising to the surface of my mind, now and then during more than twenty-five years, have been two lines of a pre-Voltairian French poet:

> *"Ce petit amas de poussière et de boue*
> *Dont notre vanité fait tant de régions."*
> (This little lump of dust and mud of which
> our vanity makes so many great nations.)

Having forgotten the name of the author, I dug into my limbo of ill-classified manuscripts and found it in a study of satiric mood I made twenty-seven years ago and kept accidentally. The author of the above lines is a

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French minor poet who died in 1670, Honorat de Bueil, Marquis de Racan.

These two lines are all I know about Racan. He was referring to the soul of a now forgotten General de Termes, as looking back on the earth. It has a classic or early Christian ring. Dante, from like perspective, looks down on "this little threshing floor that makes us seem so fierce," and Dante scholars point to similar perspectives in more remote antiquity.

I suspect that Voltaire in omitting quotation marks was less naive than was Frederick. What blame is there in either case?

Warren Ramsey's little digression might well remind us that if all authors revealed sources by quotes or notes, their books would be atrociously unwieldy, and hosts of scholars would, fortunately or not, be out of employment.

F. M. McMAHON.

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

St. Joseph, Minn

TO the Editors: Thank you for the "strong meat" of doctrine that Thomas Merton gives us ("A Christmas Meditation," Dec. 26). It brings to mind E. I. Watkin's solemn reminder that we must either "come in or go out" of the Church, either come in to an inner understanding of the Church, "an interior vision," or go out of the Church. The laity are crying for someone to give them this interior wisdom, and the articles of Father David Ross King, some time ago, along with Thomas Merton's exposition of dogma (not sentimentality, thank goodness) regarding the Nativity are gladly and gratefully accepted. Give us more.

BARRY GILL.

The Stage & Screen

The Mikado

ONE THING is certain—neither the late biggest blizzard nor the present bitter sleet nor, one imagines, any future weathers, will ever deflect the D'Oyley Carte's nightly partisans from the New Century. The place is jammed, happy, and certainly lucky. It is ridiculous to confess that this is my first view of the celebrated doings. The company's last visit here was somewhat before my job and although I have missed no possible opportunity of hearing their records, this is my first chance at them in the round. I think they are wonderful: in voice, articulation, wit, gaiety, impertinence, foolery, color, custom, playing, and most of all, *precision*. The prospect of seven weeks of such excellence is more than a boon, even to the most underpaid drama critic in the town. To detail the current progress: I thought the Charles Rickett's sets for this uproarious Japanese joke entirely delicious, with just the right note of mad authenticity. Isidore Godfrey's conducting of the musical end seemed affectionately careful, although (and acoustics may account for this) the orchestra sounded somewhat thin. And for performance, it is of course impossible to

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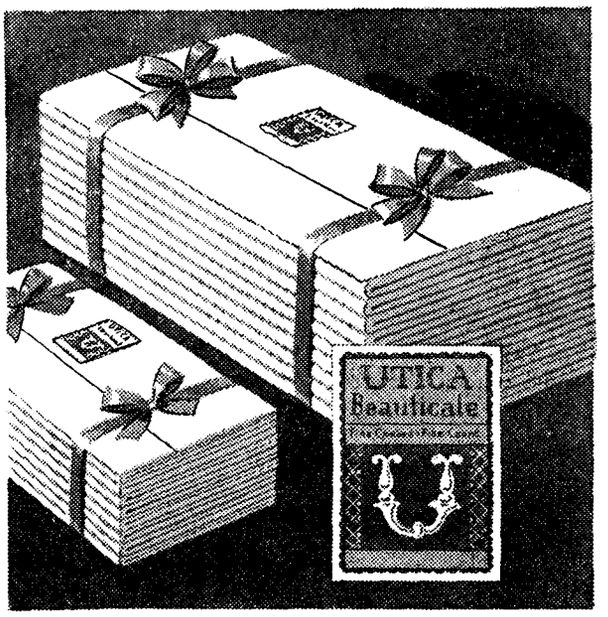

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list everyone. But to my mind Darrell Fancourt's Mikado and Martyn Green's Ko-Ko seemed perfect. Both displayed a most unerring sense of fitting the action to the word—and measure—to a degree which clarified all. Here is style. For the rest, Richard Watson's rolling Pooh-Bah, Thomas Round's appealing Nanki-Poo, and Ella Halman's horrific Katisha were especially notable. The program lists January 5 for the "Pirates" and "Trial by Jury"; January 12 for "Iolanthe"; January 19 for "Pinafore" and "Cox and Box"; January 26 for "Gondoliers"; February 2 for "The Yeomen of the Guard"; and February 9 for "Patience." None of 'em should be missed. (*at the New Century*).

The Cradle Will Rock

MICHAEL MYERBERG'S courageous course as producer is somethilng to be grateful for. And his present offering is in line. It is a very good thing to have another view of Marc Blitzstein's wholly interesting Musical Play, even though its issue—angelic Labor vs. fiendish Management—seems rather more nostalgic and nursery than anything else at the present. But Mr. Blitzstein's piece is real theatre, and because of this draws fine performances from its cast. I was a little disturbed this time to find an orchestra jammed on the stage rather than the original (if unintended) single piano. The motions of the fiddlers at first got in my eye, and I must say I don't think this end of the business is handled or motivated anyway as clearly as in the Stravinsky-Ramuz *"L'Histoire d'un Soldat,"* from which work it obviously springs. But after a time, the musicians settled down into background and one could concentrate on the sense. Muriel Smith, Estelle Loring, Harold Patrick, and and Chandler Cowles all furthered the work. And I may say this is the only time I have thought Alfred Drake out-and-out worth his billing, although why he should be starred in this, of all parts, is a Broadway enigma. But it is the intelligence and whole talent of the evening which deserves cheers and, I hope, tickets. (*at the Mansfield*).

Ruth Draper

MISS DRAPER'S schedule of Sunday evening and weekly matinee programs again seems to me one of the truly important and exciting events on the street. It is unnecessary certainly to emphasize her as the most unique ornament of our stage, and yet I would like to do so again and again. This year I was once more struck by the old favorite "Opening A Bazaar" and by the comparatively recent "Vive La France." Nothing, it seems to me, could better present the case for that embattled country in the dark year of '40 than this small work; not a poem, a story, a song, or a gun. And it is all of these. If I underline that these performances seem particularly essential for the young—all of the school kids who may be on holiday— this is not to say that the business is either plain or too easy. It is simply that one ought, I believe, to try to build a basis of understanding of *art and all peoples* in one's own children, or anybody's. And it is common knowledge, of course, that Miss Draper can demonstrate this to anyone over eight. (*at the Empire*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Take It or Leave It

NONE of the pictures reviewed this week are good enough to make you brave snow, sleet or rain in an effort to get to a cinema palace. "High Wall" is the most likely prospect, but even its plot has so many loopholes that you feel that the whole thing has been concocted just for the movies. However, Robert Lord's production and Curtis Bernhardt's direction are definitely in the thoughtful class; and the film succeeds in holding one's interest. "High Wall" is not exactly a murder mystery. Director Bernhardt makes no effort, even from the beginning, in concealing that Herbert Marshall plays the snake in the grass whose villainy grows worse as the story progresses. The main problem concerns the sanity of the hero who is effectively portrayed by Robert Taylor. We know he was wounded during the war and had a blood clot on the brain. But is he now feigning insanity in order to delay being brought to trial for the murder of his wife? The answer is probably yes, but somehow this question is never thoroughly cleared up. If he can fool the doctors and attendants in the asylum where he is confined, he can fool us too. The scenes in this asylum are very well done—not very pleasant, of course, but fascinating. They may shatter your faith in the superior wisdom of doctors and staff, but you will approve of their sympathetic attitude. Perhaps this sympathy is carried too far by the psychiatrist handling Taylor's case; she is portrayed by Audrey Totter, a crisp young actress who usually knows what she is about but this time she acts more like a lovesick nurse than a person of advanced medical training. When Taylor escapes from the asylum a second time and successfully eludes the police, you decide that the scriptwriters were tired of the whole thing. You will probably scoff at the use of narco-synthesis on the villain. But at no time will "High Wall" bore you.

"Christmas Eve" is so contrived that you better just avoid it unless you can't stand missing all these stars in one picture. Ann Harding plays a very wealthy and eccentric old lady whose sanity is being questioned by her unscrupulous nephew. Her three adopted sons (George Brent, Randolph Scott, George Raft), who obviously turned out to be no good, arrive in time to save the old lady from her scheming nephew. Some attractive girls are also involved in this phoney and episodic story, but they don't succeed any more than the rest of the cast in making this movie either life-like or entertaining.

Even before "Tycoon" runs for half of its 128 minutes you realize that it is too long and talky and too much ado about nothing. As a Central American big shot, Cedric Hardwicke tries awfully hard to keep his daughter (Laraine Day) from marrying the big, bluff American engineer (John Wayne) who's building his railroad. The shot-gun wedding comes as a surprise, but the failure of the marriage (until papa retires) doesn't. And neither does the big scene in which Wayne crawls out during a wild storm and sets the middle span of his bridge. Judith Anderson, James Gleason, Anthony Quinn in the good supporting cast and some handsome technicolor fail to lighten this plodding movie.

"Daisy Kenyon" expects you to get worked up over Joan Crawford's big dilemma as she chooses between her

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husband (Henry Fonda) whom she loves, and her former paramour (Dana Andrews) whose wife is finally giving him the gate. Joan suffers like everything but since her attitude toward the moral code is so blasé and this is so obviously a woman's picture, I found myself coldly unsympathetic. Perhaps even women won't be able to explain this one.

"Out of the Past" is one of those complicated stories about a tough private eye. Robert Mitchum is hired by Kirk Douglas to track down Jane Greer. Neither the girl nor the dick are all they should be, and what comes of all this is shaky on the moral side but exciting cinematically. You'll never be able to follow the plot if you don't see it from the beginning; however, Jacques Tourneur's direction is excellent and the suspense is terrific.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Wallace and the Unions

THIS is the season for skating parties and the playing of Snap-the-Whip. In Snap-the-Whip a number of skaters hold hands and skate off in single file. When they have gathered some speed the leader makes a sudden turn and those on the end of the line are snapped around with such force that several of them usually have to let go.

Right now we are getting into the snappy part of a whip turn that began with the end of the war. At that time the Party line changed from collaboration with the U. S. to antagonism. Just to spoil the metaphor a little, the first one to fall off in this country was the one nearest the center, namely, Earl Browder.

For several years, however, those on the end of the line clung tenaciously. Among the most tenacious clingers in the labor movement were the leaders of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, CIO, who had joined the game during the war, when Sidney Hillman was still alive, in a complicated maneuver to gain control of New York's American Labor Party.

As time went on it became apparent that the Amalgamated's new allies had set their hearts on a third party in '48. The only thing that delayed a decisive move was the lack of a good front man and the solid opposition of the non-Communist labor and liberal elements. They went to work on Henry Wallace with what Walter Reuther has neatly described as "the most complete political valet service in the country." Last month Henry succumbed.

Not only, however, have the ranks of non-Communist labor and liberal elements remained firm, but the issue has been brought so sharply into focus that many who were blind are now beginning to see for the first time. The whip is snapping so hard that old fellow travelers are falling off like apples in a brisk storm.

Frank Kingdon has resigned as co-chairman of the Progressive Citizens of America, principal backers of the Wallace candicacy outside of the CP. (Since the CP obviously controls the PCA, it is perhaps idle to distinguish between the two.) He has written in his column in the New York *Post* that one lesson he learned during 1947 was that it is impossible to collaborate in a progressive movement with the Stalinists. J. Raymond Walsh has resigned as chairman of the New York PAC and Bartley Crum as vice-president of the national organization. PM and the *Nation* have made it clear that they will buy no part of the Wallace movement.

Among the trade unions the AFL is like ice, the national CIO frigid, with Jack Kroll, the chairman of the famous PAC, getting on the record quick to the effect that the CIO is not interested. As might be expected, the only enthusiasts are to be found in the ranks of those unions dominated by the CP. To date not one anti-CP or non-CP union has uttered a kind word for Wallace's wayward venture.

But the most interesting and important opposition is that expressed by leaders of the aforementioned Amalgamated. With 90,000 members in New York State the Amalgamated has held the balance of power in the state CIO. One of its vice-presidents, Louis Hollander, is president of the state CIO, and it was the Amalgamated delegates who were responsible last summer for blocking a move to disassociate the New York CIO from the American Labor Party.

The reason for this move was the belief among anti-Stalinist delegates at Saratoga Springs that the ALP had long since fallen under the control of its Stalinist wing. Now it would appear that the Amalgamated leaders secretly agreed with them, because the papers are reporting that rather than fight for control of the ALP in the April primaries, the Amalgamated will fold its tents like the Arabs and quietly steal away.

Hollander, from a man who preached in season and out of season on the necessity for "unity", has been changed by the Wallace issue into something that 12th Street could only describe as "a redbaiter". His first reaction was to state that "the National Association of Manufacturers and the Communist Party can join hands and rejoice that at last they have found common ground. . . . Both these extremist groups hope that through the splitting device of a third party candidate they can achieve their selfish goals." He predicted that the executive board of the state CIO would repudiate Wallace at its January 5th meeting. Which it did.

Whether or not the Wallace safari will insure the triumph of reaction in '48 remains to be seen. Such a triumph would be a stiff price to pay, but there can be no doubt that the effect on the labor movement so far has been nothing but good. Henry Wallace, in spite of himself, has gone far to clarify some issues that have been crying for clarification, lo, these many moons.

JOHN C. CORT.

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The Ego and the Centaur. Jean Garrigue. New Directions. $2.50.
Love Sonnets. Louise Labé. Tr. by Frederick Prokosch. New Directions. $2.50.

KARL SHAPIRO is now so well established as a *fact* in contemporary American poetry that it is unnecessary to rehearse the arresting qualities which called attention to "Person, Place, and Thing" and "V-Letter" as the genuinely personal testimony of a genuinely personal vision. Still in his youth, Shapiro is a working, producing force in our poetry; he is a feature of the landscape; he is a reference.

The problem now—and it is not an unusual occurrence—is to assess the fact of his position so strictly, I mean so *highly,* that perhaps we might save that fact from underestimation by Shapiro himself and by his more enthusiastic admirers. There is something in the nature of his subject-matter and in his kind of diction which can easily reduce his poetry—and often does—to its lowest common denominator. When that happens, there is no possible end to a run of titles like "University," "Jew," "Snob," "Intellectual," "Air Line," "Boy-Man"—little essays rather than poems, percepts (the matter) rather than concepts (the form); gadgety little poems in which the mechanism is so nearly run down that you can hear the painful grinding of the wheels and you itch at every stanza to reach down and wind the whole thing up. This is Shapiro at his easiest and, for the middlebrow public long since deprived of Millay and Wylie, his most affable. It is Shapiro underestimated. Now, what is established in Shapiro's reputation is not this kind of formula-poetry which can almost write itself, not this inverted-precious, inverted-"poetic" exploitation of real experiences for less-real poems, but the capacity to write poems like "The Twins" ("Likeness has made them animal and shy . . ."), "Auto Wreck" (of which his *New Yorker* poems are imitations), and, XIV of his "Recapitulations," (" 'Doctor, doctor, a little of your love . . .' "). This last poem, I am glad to say, is in his present book; and so I am not rebuking Shapiro with his past or even with his future: I am confronting his worst with his best. I feel the more confident of my attack, because when Shapiro does hit his best, it is no happy accident, it is nothing that disappears if you get too close to it; it is real and firm and steady. And in a sense, though an inhuman sense, there is no reason why he can't do it all the time.

"Trial of a Poet" is Shapiro in very low gear. The "Recapitulations" really recapitulate nothing; they simply dwell with a fondness, the privilege for which is assumed, upon a variety of reminiscences of youth. There is no plot to make all these things mean one thing; we end with the same sort of clowning and triviality with which we began. The poems grouped under "The Progress of Faust" are chiefly those diffuse little essay-poems which tend, even on a first reading, to fall away into their residual prose-elements. "In the Waxworks," "D.C.," "The Southerner," and "Air Liner" are typical. "An Urn of Ashes" demonstrates Shapiro's ability to use a different impulsion—a pleasing break in the monotony of his three-step approach in so many object-poems: (1) confrontation of the object; (2) description; (3) apostrophe. "The Aunt" also has this change of approach: the first lines push hard and fast into the involvement which *is* the poem ("The aunt that binds her bosoms in her wrath / Is now completely covered.") It happens that this poem fails, after all; and for the same reason which besets a number of Shapiro's poems of much greater length than this one: it lacks real complexity. We are given the thin, white-lipped old woman in 11 or 12 lines, and then Shapiro's direct address to her ("O Christian hag! / Are these the vestments of your last disguise, / An old hat in a field, a flapping rag?"). The poet as a character *in* the poem has not been felt (as Keats is felt in the "Nightingale" or the "Urn"); he has not been a force, an opposing line, a factor for complication. Hence when we need a resolution he is not sufficiently established to offer it. We are aware that the poet is stepping in gratuitously, that he is *forcing* a poem.

The title-poem is a play in which a poet is tried for treason and Shapiro takes occasion to discuss, through the poet, a public officer, a doctor, a priest, and a chorus of poets, the problem of the poet's estrangement from modern society. The past half-century of verse and fiction has yielded a rich store of images for this estrangement (at the same time that they mean something much deeper)—exile, art as heroism, ambiguous guilt, art as deformity, and all the charades of dadaism. I do not feel that Shapiro adds much to the brilliancies of these oblique, ambivalent statements. His structure is too obvious, his delineation of the problem too flat to be exciting. His resolution is rather shallow and, as it is presented, simply verbal: the judges find that the crime was in "acting upon the sense of poetry as upon the sense of prose," and the chorus of poets reply—and thus the poem ends—:

> —The crime? There was no crime. Prose is no crime.
> There was, however, a failure of the word;
> The failure was to fall into your hands.

Shapiro's play runs the risk of falling into such hands; he needs the disguises of the revolutionary orator, the elusive airman, the aging patrician in the proud tower, or Tiresias to make his play a dramatization rather than a proposition. (And masks—"fictitious selves," as Ransom calls them—could help the lyrics too.)

Shapiro has gone on record elsewhere with his views on the insensitivity of most literary critics. All the carping in the above paragraphs can serve as an example of what he finds objectionable. He reserves a place, however, for the "humanist critic." I am not sure what he means by this, but if he means the kind of critic who is interested primarily in discovering and appreciating the energies which went to make the poem, it is as a humanist critic that I should like to suggest the perspective in which my detailed observations are to be placed. Shapiro has done enough already to prove that he is much more important than the mistakes he makes. He has the personal vigor and the personal capacity—as few young poets in America have—to make his way forward through his work; through mistakes, if necessary, but through his work, and I think he can work well enough to work through anything. When you have read a good amount of his verse you are sure that he is a real poet, really

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feeling things and really sure that he is feeling them. He has the vocation. I say this as my last word because I am confident that in the development of Karl Shapiro as a poet, this strength, this integrity, this *personality* will have the last word.

★

"A Map of Verona" is the first American publication of the young English poet, Henry Reed. Only a few short lyrics in this volume are what could be called mature poetry, but the excellences either of intention or of partial achievement in most of his writing are worth some respectful attention. "Lessons of the War," a series of three poems, seems to me the most finished work in these pages. "Naming of Parts," the first of the three, is extremely deft and almost insidious with its pathos; "Judging Distances" and "Unarmed Combat," the other two, are nicely conceived but marred by faults which we can see more closely elsewhere in his work. One fault is wordiness, as in these lines from "Outside and In":

> A house so vulnerable and divided, with
> A mutiny already inside its walls,
> Cannot withstand a siege.

Another fault is a tendency to accept the trite compromise:

> And I woke sick, and held by another passion,
> In the icy grip of a dead, tormenting flame.

(I hasten to say that the more grotesque fault which happens to be in this last line—the absurd picture, if you can see it at all, of a dead flame with an icy grip—is not at all typical.) Finally, his poems lose freshness and authenticity by following the Eliot metric a little too closely:

> For waking in the dark this morning, I woke to that mystery
> Which we can all wake to, at some dark time or another:
> Waking to find the room not as I thought it was,
> But the window further away, and the door in another direction.

Here the echo is so distinct that one hears Eliot's sense rather than Reed's. (It is unfortunate, aside from the question of cheapness, that Reed thought to include a parody of Eliot, "Chard Whitlow"; some of the lines are indistinguishable from Reed's more sober efforts.)

The longer poems, particularly "Tintagel" and "Triptych," have beautiful moments in them—"Iseult la Belle" in "Tintagel" is a lovely, liquid thing—but neither poem has a sufficiently fresh intelligence to sustain its full length.

★

Frederick Prokosch has made some admirable translations of the love sonnets of Louise Labé. He has some stubbornly personal poetry to contend with; he is often confronted with passages which are pure fire in sixteenth century French but are only rather banal exhalations in twentieth century English. It is good to see how he gets behind these words to the *causes* of their inflections; behind the meaning to the intention. Sonnet VI is one of the most successfully translated:

> O twice and three times blest is the return
> Of that strong star; and still more blest are they
> On whom it shines. So, for a single day
> Let fall its dazzle. . . .

And so on to the sestet:

> For I indeed, and none but I, deserve
> Such wealth for every wept and wasted hour.
> And seeing this, and straining every nerve
>
> Of my delighted eyes, and drawing power
> From every sense, I might at last have won
> Some clear and crucial victory of my own.

Not all of Prokosch's labors, however, issue as happily. The burning first stanza of Sonnet XVIII ("Baise m'encor, rebaise moy et baise") he translates into the lamest possible versification ("O kiss me yet again, O kiss me over / And over!"), losing the whole metrical impulse of the first "Baise" and the powerful alliteration accomplished within the single line in French. In place of this strength we are offered clichés indistinguishable from those of a Victor Herbert song. In a few other passages, Prokosch is not at complete ease with the English pentameter and so he breaks his lines in unlikely places, with no attempt to coordinate the grammar with the music.

The little volume has been very sensitively bound, with the original French side by side with the translations.

★

Jean Garrigue is a very resourceful young American poet, and "The Ego and the Centaur" is a rich and full record—if rather too much so—of her self-exploration. It leaves little doubt of her ability to range in any one of several directions and to learn from a number of people without losing her own identity. But the general effect of this book is one's feeling that Miss Garrigue finds it easier to try out the same idea in a number of different poems, all of them more or less unfinished, than to stake all her possibilities in one definitive poem and let it stand. The poetry is all over the book instead of being a number of poems in the book and the ink sometimes seems to run.

"False Country of the Zoo" is one of the best achieved things in the volume and happens to be characteristic both in its virtues and in its failings. It may be that so simple an association as subject-matter leads Miss Garrigue in one or two lines of this poem to Marianne Moore's very inflection—

> The peacock, plumes up, though he walks as if weighted

—but she has the courage of her own lyricism and approaches the subject with directness from the very beginning:

> We are large with pity, slow and awkward,
> In the false country of the zoo.

The tactics are quite opposite to those of Miss Moore and the accent is a personal realization. The clumsiness of the diction in the lines immediately following is, I

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have to say, a recurrence in Miss Garrigue. It is a clumsiness to which Miss Garrigue's generation (my own, that is) is somewhat insensitive because of its infatuations with Auden's calculated *gaucherie*:

> For the beasts our hearts turn over and sigh.
> With the gazelle we long to look eye to eye.
> Laughter at the stumbling, southern giraffe
> Urges our anger, righteous despair.
> As the hartebeest plunges, giddy, eccentric,
> From out of the courtyard into his stall,
> We long to seize his forehead's steep horns
> Which are like the staves of a lyre.

This is the irrelevant takeoff from Audenisms like "Publish each healer that in city lives." The irresponsibly omitted article is one of the devices that go with it; and the limp last line—always, always limp, so that what was effective by being exceptional now becomes a pointless convention and young poets would rather die than write a strong, undeniably final last line really framing a poem. Some of Miss Garrigue's titles have the related device of an irritating self-deprecation; here I suppose the inspiration is Wallace Stevens, without his brilliant justice for the device. "Essay upon the Collocation of Stones, Shells, Myths, Statues and Dreams" is one of these titles (it happens that the poem it identifies has some remarkable things in it), and there is another, the more pretentious because by its bathetic irony it pretends not to be pretentious, "The Subject Is: The World." The whole posture which all these things constitute has its uses, and Auden understands it well enough to know exactly when to abandon it. Young poets like Dylan Thomas and Robert Lowell knew that they had to explode their way through this convention in order to say what must be said. And in the most memorable currents of the "Zoo" poem, Miss Garrigue's own voice has its way. The final disposition is in that voice:

> The oil from the deer's eye
> That streaks like a tear his cheek
> Seems like a tear, is, is,
> As our love and our pity are, are.

That voice has its true confidence in poems like "The Mask and Knife," "The Park," and this love poem, a beautiful and complete thing:

> Waking, I always waked you awake
> As always I fell from the ledge of your arms
> Into the soft sand and silt of sleep
> Permitted by you awake, with your arms firm.
>
> Waking, always I waked immediately
> To the face you were when I was off sleeping,
> A deer or a swan in a bridal door
> Or the ivy looped in the head of a faun.
>
> Waking, always waked to the tasting of dew
> As if my sleep issued tears for its loving,
> Waking, always waked, swimming from foam,
> Breathing from mountains like clad in a cloud,
>
> As waking, always waked in the health of your eyes,
> Curled your leaf hair, uncovered your hands,
> Good morning like birds in an innocence
> Wild as the Indies we ever first found.

HENRY RAGO.

Mr. Wilson's Five Points

Europe Without Baedeker. Edmund Wilson. Doubleday. $4.00.

1. The English way of doing things is quieter, more orderly, politer.
2. Dealings with officials in England are pleasanter and more expeditious.
3. The English intelligentsia, confronted with the coming catastrophe, crept back into the womb of the public schools, and blame them for everything that is wrong with England.
4. In England, good breeding is something you exhibit by snubbing and scoring off people.
5. It is characteristic of the English that they should always try to present the picture in such a way as to make it appear that their opponents don't really mind having their buildings blown up, or that it is somehow the fault of the negligence of those foreign and inferior races that one should find them in such a mess.

★

USW—*und so weiter,* as the Germans say. Poor Mr. Wilson! He is, beyond any shadow of doubt, one of the greatest living American critics. He is also a magnificently lively creative writer, with as green a finger as any novelist could hope to have. His characters, whether dead, like Dickens or Dostoevsky, or living, like Imogen or Ellen Terhune, or Mattie or Santayana, or G. Odette, are all flagrantly alive. And he can be counted on to coax or shock his readers into living more abundantly, and into vicarious vision. Reading him, it is easily possible to disagree, to object, to disapprove; it is almost impossible not to see. But, alas, in this book of essays he is more plagued by the English than Henry V was by the Scots, who, it will be remembered, wherever he went were always found in his beard. Mr. Wilson cannot properly perceive his European forest because everywhere he sees Englishmen, as trees, walking, and he calls continually to his readers, smell, you must smell, here is such a bad smell, you simply must sniff, and sniff hard, these putrid English stink so.

It is a pity, for this Unsentimental Journey, made up of the articles Mr. Wilson wrote for the *New Yorker,* from Italy, Greece and England, in 1945, is a moving book, full of Mr. Wilson's best wine. And it will survive, if only for the description of Mr. Santayana in his chilly convent in Rome, "alone, with his plain table and his narrow bed, so far from Spain and from Harvard, yet with all the philosophies, the religions and the poetry through which he had passed making about him an irridescent integument, the manners of all the societies in which he had sojourned awhile supplying him with pictures and phrases, a shell of faded skin and frail bone, in which the power of the intellect, the colors of imagination still burned." Or that of the GI's in Piccadilly. "The purposes of the fighting accomplished, the tensions of wartime relaxed, these uniformed and dog-tagged men now find themselves immersed like amoebas in the swampy backwater of England. What has the war worked up to? nothing, vacuity—to these young males afloat in the foreign streets, with no training in directing themselves, and with no strong impulse towards self-direction, merely responding to a rudimentary instinct to adhere to these

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floating females whose faces they can hardly make out."

Mr. Wilson made the Grand Tour of ruined Europe in the grand manner; and took with him as much luggage as Mr. Gainsborough's friend Mr. Wynne, who always carried a harpsichord on the roof of his private carriage, or as Lord Bristol, who took his whole *batterie de cuisine* and a couple of *chefs*. Mr. Wilson's luggage is more suited to air-travel; for the ghosts of all who made the pattern journey before, Americans or British, including, doubtless, no small number of Mr. Wilson's immediate forebears do not weigh heavily on traveler or reader. But they are everywhere, infusing every essay; in the account of the three open windows in the wall behind what was once Leonardo's Last Supper, which "still do seem to give a vista on a landscape of peace and shining light"; in the flawless relation of his visit to the Palace of Minos at Knossos; in his moving description of the long climb up to Anogeia, that proved to be pilgrimage to Persephone indeed. The God-infested slate-blue thin Greek mountains, and the shadow of burning Pasiphae, have authentic power to move him still, and his tides carry us also, towards an empty shore of sterile compassion, whose sands cry "Ichabod."

With places Mr. Wilson cannot go wrong—the horrors of Half Moon St., the misery of Orsogna, a studio in midsummer Rome, a starving Russian exile's garret—these are sets in which even the stains on the clothless tables are correct. With people he is less absolutely certain. He never fails to inform them with vitality, but sometimes he falls into the same carelessness that made him discourse at length on Wordsworth as a typical Oxford man: as when he catalogues a long (and really well chosen) list of "gifts" brought by him from Italy to his English mistress, and, because they were received with "a coolness and minimum of comment" concludes that "the English . . . aim at a dryness and curtness that has nothing to do with grace." It is surely as unwise to judge all England by one harlot, as to take Wordsworth as a sample of Oxford? In each country, indeed, Mr. Wilson goes to some pains to give us the authentic tart's eye view: G. Odette, Gianetta, etc., each speaks her piece. But it is to be wondered whether such generous samples do not make for a certain monotony: a Roman child's view of life, such as has been dramatized in "Citta Aperta" or Shoe-Shine; a Greek communist's reasoning, might have given greater variety to the book as a whole? Also, occasionally, Mr. Wilson's spitefulness and vindictiveness defeat their own purposes: his lamming into Sir Osmond, his worrying of him like a terrier with a rat, reduces this insignificant victim into something even Ham Fish would be sorry for. That the English have been clumsy in Italy and criminal in Greece may indeed be true, but Mr. Wilson doth protest it too much.

★

Yet he is, as it were, the tailor's dummy of the wholly civilized, entirely adult, completely American, 100 percent highbrow. In his brilliant and bitter introduction to the American number of *Horizon,* the English literary monthly, the editor, Cyril Connolly, says that occasionally the gap is closed between the public and the highbrow writer; this is shown by Thurber's drawing, Hersey's Hiroshima, and the essays of Edmund Wilson. And it is true: this too-good American is still the best European of them all.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

More Books of the Week

Speaking of Animals. Alan Devoe. Creative Age. $3.00.

AS CHANCE would have it, I had just taken up Alan Devoe's "Speaking of Animals" when one of the children reported excitedly, "There's a big animal in the yard." It was a four-point buck deer, making his way through the snow and stopping to paw for grass beneath the neighbor's apple tree. We watched him in all his graceful maneuvers, climaxed by the leap over the fence as he returned to the woods. Within those woods and the surrounding streams and lakes are to be found nearly all the thirty animals and birds that Mr. Devoe has selected for treatment. Does that make his book superfluous? On the contrary, without it, in nature's stronghold, one is almost as helpless as an illiterate in a library. I read aloud the essays on the deer, chipmunks, snowshoe rabbits, raccoons, field mice, toads, translating the adult language for young ears—but ears which perked with interest as their owners learned the ways of the creatures who are our neighbors. The stories are doubly interesting since they, though packed with details, are personalized accounts built around a characteristic feature of the animal: "Otter, the Player," "The Fury of Mink," "Vulture, the Sexton." Twenty-two pages of pictures support the text.

In addition to being a good reporter and an interesting story-teller, Mr. Devoe is philosophically inclined. He laments our modern isolation from the rhythm and lessons of nature. "We have erected extraordinary barriers of genteelism against the fact that we feed ourselves on juicy dead bodies of other animals." He believes that our aversion to the realities of our animal nature and our rebellion against the basic laws of nature tends to make us "disoriented, restless . . . filled with fears." He would have us see the universe as a "Living Totality" and mold our lives accordingly. His language is often that of the pantheist but the ideas are mostly those of common sense. Although he dislikes the traditional distinction of the essential difference between man and animals, he concludes: "I have encountered no evidence to persuade me that any animal can experience that highest adventure in consciousness of which man is capable: the fullness of self-conscious rationality." That portion of our population whose contact with animals is confined to lap dogs will get no consolation from this book; and urban people whose budgets prevent them from getting away from the city to the depths of the woods had better not read it. Envy is one of the capital sins.

EMERSON HYNES.

Yon Rolling River. Archie Binns. Scribners. $3.00.

THE PUBLISHERS in the usual blurb on the jacket indirectly tout this book as escapist literature by comparing it favorably with the flood of other novels of "social significance" which have flooded the market, novels discussing marital maladjustments, abnormal behavior, etc. The publisher need not have stressed the lack of a social gospel in Mr. Binns's new book. It stands well above the usual type of publication which passes for escapist literature even though the book has almost no bearing upon the problems of our time.

Mr. Binns, raised in the Pacific Northwest, and from a seafaring family, is known to most readers as the author of "Lightship." His present book is written about As-

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toria, Oregon, and the Columbia River after the close of the Civil War. It is not a novel in the real sense of the term but rather a series of short stories, vignettes each telling a fairly complete story of the experiences of some of the characters in the book. It is a faithful portrayal of life at the mouth of the Columbia at that period and Mr. Binns has again demonstrated not only his knowledge of the sea but also his deep insight into human nature. His characters become vividly alive, the dashing pilot, Captain Collins, who sails a full-rigged ship through a break in the jetty, the impish but brave Fortune boys who saw the legs off their mother's grand piano. The exciting story of their escape from home in a small boat under the wharves of Astoria reminds the reader of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn's escape from home on another river. There is no over-romanticizing of life in the last half of the nineteenth century. Women in particular had a rather hard time of it, especially if they did not have husbands. The sad fate of the possible heroine of the book demonstrates the difficulty of a girl's earning a living if she had neither family nor husband. The reader is inclined to want to wring the scholarly student's neck for letting such a lovely creature walk out of his door, yet Willard in a way typifies the intellectual and the professor, brave up to a point but just lacking the courage to push an enterprise to a successful conclusion, hating themselves for their own cowardice, yet by the nature of their work in the community bound peculiarly by the conventions they may make fun of in their classes. But a novel of this type defies summary. It should be read on a dark and stormy night, preferably on a high point at the edge of the sea, with a fire blazing in the fireplace.

WALTER JOHN MARX.

Land of the Andes. T. R. Ybarra. Coward. $4.00.
The River Plate Republics. Betty de Sherbinin. Coward. $4.00.
The Rainbow Republics. Ralph Hancock. Coward. $4.00.

THESE THREE books, the first of a series of nine projected by the publishers under the general title of "Invitation to Travel," are a new departure in tourists' *vademecums*. The features of the conventional guidebooks are here interwoven with the informed and informative narrative of the authors' own travels through the countries which they describe. It is evident that the authors have been chosen with care. Each in his own right is an authority on the lands which he discusses. T. R. Ybarra, whose "Land of the Andes" conducts the reader through Peru and Bolivia, has spent many years in the homeland of his South American father. Betty de Sherbinin was reared in Argentina, and has traveled extensively in Uruguay and Paraguay, the other two countries which with Argentina comprise "The River Plate Republics." Ralph Hancock, in "The Rainbow Republics" writes of a Central America in which he spent fifteen years as resident news correspondent. As a consequence of this careful selectivity on the part of General Editor Lowell Brentano, none of the books has the shallowness of the familiar "quick-look'" travelogue, even as none has the dryness of the Baedeker-type handbook. All three authors write with an easy informality which is deceptively thorough. History, culture and customs of each country share equally with sights to be seen and places to stay. Not that the books are cut to a pattern; members of a series though they be, each book stands on its own feet as the distinct work of a knowing and a skilled writer whose individuality has been allowed full play. It is hard to choose between them, but I should say that "Land of the Andes" is the most entertaining, the most effectively "I-want-to-go-there" in its results. "The Rainbow Republics," as might be expected from a news-correspondent, is the most practical in its treatment; every hotel and pension is ticketed with its rates, native fruits are classified as to appearance and taste, sample menus are given and translated for the prospective traveler. Whether one plans to see Latin America from a plane or from his fireside armchair, these books can be recommended as welcome companions. A handy pocket in the back of each book contains a removable map which will add to the pleasure of one's progress through the text.

LEO J. TRESE.

Essays of Shakespeare. An Arrangement by George Coffin Taylor. Putnam's. $2.50.

WE HAVE HAD essays on Shakespeare and essays about his plays but not until George Coffin Taylor, the eminent Shakespearean of the University of North Carolina, hit upon the happy and novel plan of unifying the scattered observations of the Bard of Avon has it been possible to read the essays of Shakespeare. And these are Shakespeare's own words, not a twentieth century paraphrase of the great dramatist's opinions on a wide variety of topics, ranging from truth, love, life, and death to women's rights, drinking, and horses. In other words, the essays, dealing for the most part with the subjects which have always appealed broadly to both the older and the more recent practitioners of the genre, simply emphasize further Shakespeare's unimpeachable universality.

Since many readers may be curious concerning the way in which the "essays" have been put together, it may be of interest to trace in part, the genesis of one of them. "Of Ambition," for example, opens with Hamlet's words to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern: "I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow." Then come Joan of Arc's words on glory from *I Henry VI*:

> Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
> Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.

After this we go back to "Hamlet" for Guildenstern's "dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream." Now follow the words of Ventidius to Silius ("Antony and Cleopatra"):

> The soldier's virtue, and ambition, rather makes choice of loss,
> Than gain which darkens him.

The sentiment is elaborated further by a snatch from Jacques's comments in the celebrated all-the-world's-a-stage passage of "As You Like It." "Seeking the bubble reputation / Even in the cannon's mouth," and is completed by four more of Hamlet's lines:

> Makes mouths at the invisible event,
> Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
> Even for an egg-shell.

Did space permit, it would perhaps be illuminating to dissect the essay still further, but it is perhaps sufficient to have cited these scattered passages of prose and verse and

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then to note their effect as Mr. Taylor assembles and presents them, printing them as prose but keeping faithfully to Shakespeare's words:

> I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow, a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself till by broad spreading it disperse to naught. Dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. Ambition, the soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss than gain which darkens him, seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth, makes mouths at the invisible event, exposing what is mortal and unsure to all that fortune, death and danger dare, even for an eggshell.

Surprisingly readable prose, the modern reader may observe, and none can quarrel with such judgment: warm, flexible, even-flowing yet richly varied, it possesses both the ease and the dignity of many a later essayist. Perhaps the Baconians will attempt to use the "Essays of Shakespeare" to bolster some of their flimsy arguments, but they would be well advised not to waste their time; for the present volume simply reenforces the view that there is no filiation whatsoever to be posited between the greatest of Elizabethan playwrights and the most admired and despised of seventeenth century philosophers. One need only set beside the paragraph quoted above the opening words of Bacon's essay on the same subject to grasp the coldly analytical practicality of its author: "Ambition is like choler; which is a humor that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped, and cannot have its way, it becometh a dust, and thereby malign and venomous." Though we are most happy to count Professor Taylor as a colleague in the contemporary world of letters, it is in a sense too bad that he did not flourish during the English Renaissance. Then modern literary sleuths could get together and promote the theory that the real culprit was G. C. Taylor, author of the works of both Shakespeare and Bacon!

One would like to endorse the author's hope that this little volume "may prove a way of bringing Shakespeare back to the people, and thus another method of keeping civilization alive," but one is more inclined to grunt a dissonant "Heh!" It is admirable to have Shakespeare's thoughts brought together in readable and condensed form, but civilization will be neither revitalized nor saved by capsules of Shakespearean thought. But "Essays of Shakespeare" may well accomplish the highly commendable objective of leading readers back to some of the greatest dramas and finest sonnets in any language.

THOMAS A. KIRBY.

Between Fear and Hope. S. L. Shneiderman. Arco. $3.75.

"BETWEEN FEAR AND HOPE" purports to be an unbiased account of the forces at play in the "new" Poland. It is, instead, a concoction of propaganda, half-truths, and preposterous inferences. From start to finish, it is an apologia for Stalin's protectorate. In order to make his point, however, S. L. Shneiderman has used the incredible horror of the Jewish tragedy under the Nazis as a cover-up and attempted to turn our righteous anger against the very forces in Poland which today struggle valiantly for freedom and justice.

Mr. Shneiderman uses the anti-Semitic charge to smear

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Cardinal Seripando

By THE RIGHT REV. HUBERT JEDIN

Translated by THE REV. FREDERIC C. ECKHOFF

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Girolamo Seripando, as General of the Augustinian Order, became mightily impressed with the need of ecclesiastical reform and of an authoritative definition of Catholic doctrines that were being denied by the Lutheran reformers.

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directly or by implication all the anti-government forces. The Polish London government, the Peasant Party of Mikolajczyk, the Catholic Church, the Polish people themselves are all part of a tremendous anti-Jewish conspiracy. The Russian puppets, the Russians themselves, on the other hand, represent in his eyes all the forces of sweetness and light—"progress."

Mr. Shneiderman was in Poland at the time of the Kielce pogrom and he lays all the blame for this brutal massacre on the shoulders of the underground. Yet in listing the defendants in the trial which followed, he is completely undismayed by the fact that a substantial number of the defendants were officials in the U.B.—the Soviet-directed Security Police. Evidence that the puppet government was apprised of the impending terror but did nothing to prevent it is completely ignored. On this, as on all controversial questions, Mr. Shneiderman always prefers to accept the "official" viewpoint and facts.

His account of interviews with Poles repatriated from Russia makes no mention of the slave-labor camps to which they were sent, the treatment they were accorded, the multitudes who perished. Mr. Shneiderman believes the Poles returned because they were homesick. In discussing the Polish elections, he also shows a touching faith in the figures issued by the regime. No word of the terror which preceded the balloting or the millions of stolen or destroyed votes mars his story.

It is impossible to list here all of S. L. Shneiderman's sins of omission and commission. It should be sufficient to state that if you seek a balanced picture of conditions in the Poland of today, you will not find it in the pages of "Between Fear and Hope."

RALPH DE TOLEDANO.

In Darkest Germany. The Record of a Visit. Victor Gollancz. Regnery. $3.50.

NOBODY with brains and a heart could have any quarrel with Mr. Gollancz's eloquent and shocking details on the British zone. Anybody receiving any first-hand information from that unhappy zone can only confirm the gruesome details. One should nominate him for a grand peace prize.

It is a pity that Robert Hutchins's Introduction makes no effort to make distinctions but indulges in general self-abasement. While it would be pharisaical to deny the victors' responsibility for a great many unnecessary hardships in Germany, and as it seems, especially in the British zone, no fair observer would go so far as to indict "us" for all the misery. But Mr. Hutchins likes such flagellations of the victors' back. "We have allowed Germany to sink into a state of despair and misery"—now who is this mythical we? If we assume that the unavoidable heritage of Hitler, the sullenness of many, many Germans, our uninvited Hitler-made ally Mr. Stalin, the superhuman size of the job, the cruel dilemma between allowing Germany to recover and allowing her to stage another Hitlerian come-back, the just priority of Germany's victims to claim our charity, the necessity of letting this horrible aspect of military victory pierce the shell of a public that celebrated victory and wished peace—if we assume that this is all nothing, then we can indeed point an accusing finger at "we"—i.e., government, military, Congress and the general public. If we don't make this distinction we are simply unjust and create an atmosphere of cynicism.

H. A. REINHOLD.

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